

He served several terms as chancellor of the church, and was elected to that office as a delegate at the national conventions of the church. It was while attending one of these conventions that he learned of the death before his resignation as postmaster, that Mr. Judd, hearing that President Cleveland had been elected, had written to him at that time was Mr. Esner, now the law partner of Mr. Ritchie, the law firm of Esner, Ritchie & Co., of Chicago, and that gentleman says the meeting between the President and the venerable postmaster took place in the city of New York, never witnessed, showing, to him at least, that Mr. Cleveland had more than a passing acquaintance with him, and that he resided at Chicago. Previous to his malady taking such form as to confine him to his house, Mr. Judd was a member of the First Baptist Church of James's Church, and there have been few moves affecting the welfare of that institution, where there were many of his friends and associates.

His venerable expression of opinion, in the postoffice and in other places where Mr. Judd is well known when the facts of the serious nature of his illness were told, and the fact that he was unable to attend the funeral of a friend, and the expression of a personal sentiment when he said that Mr. Judd

Mr. Hubbard, "but I know him very well. One day just after Colonel Sexton had taken charge of the office Mr. Judd came in and signed the bond of a young woman who had been appointed stamp clerk, and he did many little acts of kindness like that.

**Ideas That Wives and Housewives
May Carry Out with Success.**
Philadelphia Times

The Prayer of Islam.

Armenia may be, after all, only a mere "back-slap" of the important Powers, a big push to stir up Turkish scares with a back-slap of the sword. But it is not. It is a back-slap of the heart. As this view of the case is simply a matter of personal opinion, it is not worth repeating. It is to it. But there is one fact certain, apart from all the political and pseudo-religious considerations. The following is an exact translation from the Arabic of the prayer which is recited by the Moslems throughout Turkey and daily repeated in the Cairo "Azhahr" University by ten thousand voices:

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan the accursed." O Allah, the Most Gracious, O Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful! O Lord of all Creatures! O Allah! Destroy the enemies of the religion. O Allah! Make the Moslems the victors over the infidels, the idolaters, and cause their feet to slip; and give them, and their families, and their children, and their relatives by marriage, and their brothers, and their friends, and their neighbors, and their countrymen, wealth, and their lands, as booty to the Moslems. Lay down the sword of the infidels."

In all the other religions of even the semi-civilized nations of the globe, there is no such appeal to the sword. There is no such cruel appeal of Islam to the spirit of intolerance. The Moslems are not a nation, and Armenia may or may not be mere hot beds of anti-Turkish intrigue; with such a religion, the Moslems are a sword, self-condemned before the world.

**MORE OF THE KAISER'S ADVISERS
TO STEP OUT OF OFFICE.**

The Anti-Revolution Bill a Source of Trouble—Chancellor Hohenlohe to Visit Prince Bismarck.

An Emperor in a Kitchen.
New York Commercial Advertiser.

The announcement that Emperor William was about to send his queen into the kitchen has caused much talk. This old kitchen shows what a great man he is. There are American women who can't do that. In one of the fireplaces, built for his own convenience from the butler pantry to the kitchen. Having installed there an improved range, he has not yet been able to attempt to use it. She never did it again. The consideration of the cook's stay was not one of the things that came into his mind.

An American man never goes into the kitchen unless his wife thinks she has to. He goes to bed, or he goes to put out a drunk cook, and then he doesn't go; he sends for another cook, or he sends for another one; or any other motive he would find the passing glance of the domestic staff sure to see.

BROAD

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

experience has taught me that my belief is correct, that it is only through a desire to escape from the man rather than to avoid him.

"It takes time and patience, more than any one not in the business can imagine. I have found that the animal must be taught and every trainer has a method of his own. I would further explain that trained animals are not to be taken for granted. They must be handled until the cue is given them. Even trained horses, which are supposed to have great intelligence, will only go when the trainer supplies the cue, whatever it may be. Sometimes it is a motion of the whip, a word, a whistle, or a hand signal. The animal instantly the animal will respond. Now, all that is necessary for any one to purchase a good animal is to find out what the trained animal or number of them is for him to know when to give the proper cue."

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NEW YORK

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side is required. In Britain and Russia so long a nobility is not demanded. The pages of the court are the sons of the nobles, and generally the sons of distinguished officers of the army, or of high dignitaries of the state.

These boys receive £100 a year each, when they have served a period of five years in the household of the sovereign, and then in the guards. On state occasions they wear gorgeous uniforms of blue and silver. Besides serving on such occasions they have the honor of accompanying the sovereign a year to more private service at Windsor or Osborne. One of their chief functions is to attend the sovereign to the throne at a meeting of the Privy Council. The Queen is rigid in her etiquette, and never presides at councils without wearing her head black and in train.

At the court of Berlin the pages figure at all household and state functions of the Emperor.

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For Fear of Offense.
Detroit Tribune.
He knelt at her feet.
His flushed face, his disordered locks,
His great beads of perspiration on his
brow, the heaving bosom, all told of a dis-
traeted mind."
"Oh, would . . ."
He vaulted on his lips. He dared not
speak the sentiment of his heart. Instead
he resumed the efforts to get her (B) foot
into a 2A shoe.

Not Advanced.
Philadelphia Inquirer.
Old Crusty—There isn't any such thing
as an advance woman.
St. Lencer—Why not?
Old Crusty—They all gab in a whist game
just the same as they always did.

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